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INFERIOR
MAN

FEATURE

COMICS



JUNE

EXTRA!

NO. 68 10¢

**IN THIS ISSUE
THE DOLL MAN
BATTLES THE
BEARDED
LADY!**



LALA PALOOZA



MICKEY FINN



RUSTY RYAN



SWING SISSON



AL. BRYANT '43



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The DOLL MAN

and the
BEARDED
LADY

HI, FOLKS!
WHEN YOU GET AN
UNDERSIZED
DOCTOR WITH
BIG IDEAS AND A
DESIGNING FEMALE
WHO GROWS A
BEARD, YOU'VE GOT
TROUBLE! I KNOW!
BECAUSE I SURE
HAVE A CLOSE
SHAVE IN THIS
STORY!



AH, YES ...
THE WORKINGS
OF THE BODY
ARE WONDROUS
AND MYSTERIOUS!

SURELY THOSE
WHO TRY TO
PIERCE NATURE'S
VEIL ARE NOT
WONDROUS
WISE

OUR STORY BEGINS AS WE
EAVESDROP OUTSIDE A
DOCTOR'S OFFICE ...

BEAST! WRETCH!
BIG BULLY THAT YOU
ARE! UNSPEAKABLE,
CRUEL MONSTER!
I HATE YOU!

B-BUT,
DARLING,
TURTLE DOVE,
LISTEN ...
OW!

SOCK?
SMASH!
CRASH!

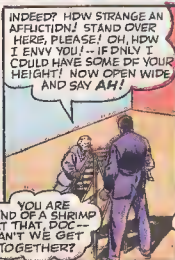
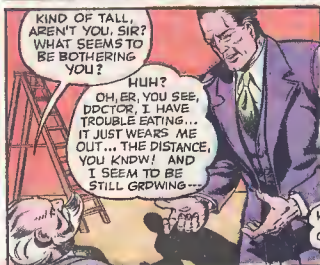
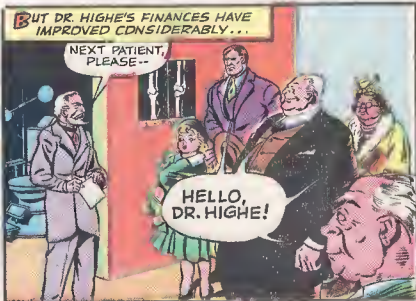
HV HIGHE, M.D.

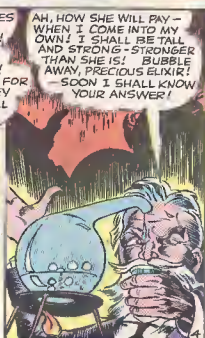
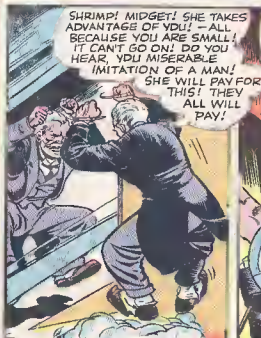
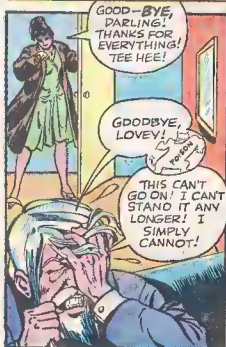
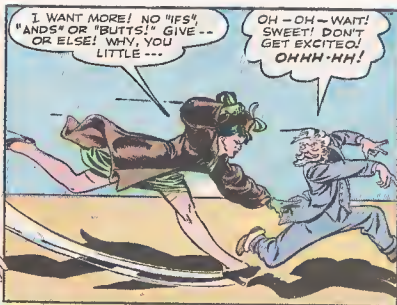
YOU HAD A GOOD DAY, FIXING THAT MAN'S
BROKEN LEG? DON'T TELL ME YOU
HAVE NO MONEY! WHERE IS IT?

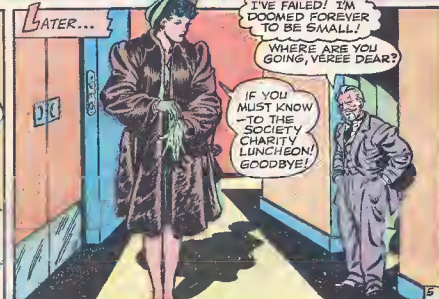
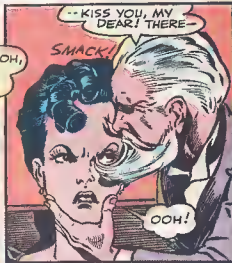
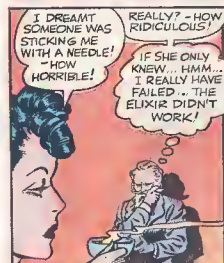
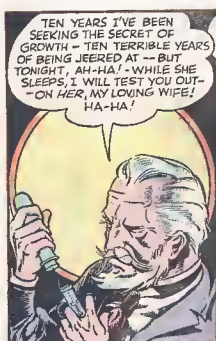
HY! COME
HERE!

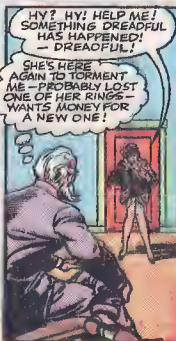
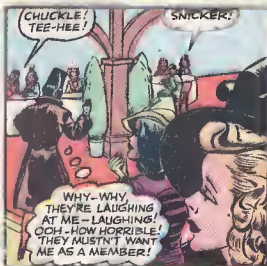
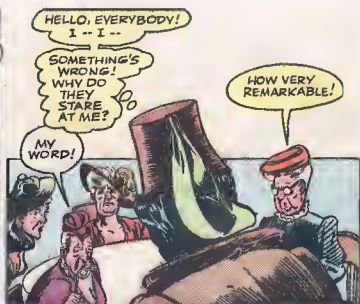
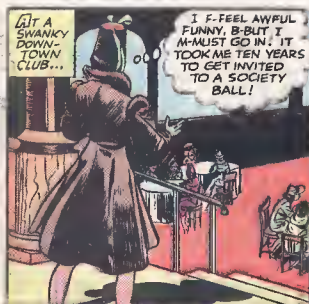
VEREE SWEET,
MY DARLING,
MY LITTLE
LOVE! I-I
AM NOT
LYING!
NO! NO!
VEREE!...
NOT THAT!











WHAT DO YOU MEAN--
WORKED? I BEGIN TO
UNDERSTAND!
YOU ARE
BEHIND
ALL THIS!

COME
HERE!

NOW,
VEREE,
DARLING!

VEREE DEAR--
DON'T GET EXCITED!
EVERYTHING WILL
BE ALL RIGHT!

C-CONTROL Y-YOURSELF,
DEAR--P-PLEASE--
D-DARLING!--

OH, YOU BEAST! MONSTER
THAT YOU
ARE!

G-GOOD-
BYE,
D-DARL--

SLAM!

CRASH!

FIE NO! BRUTE! DON'T
EVER DARE COME
BACK!

SOMETHING WENT
WRONG. THE
ELIXIR STIMULATED
THE WRONG
GLAND!-- OH,
I'LL NEVER
BE TALL--
NEVER!

OPP--

TALL,
HUH?

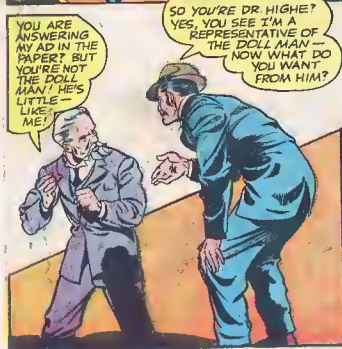
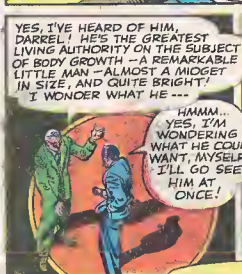
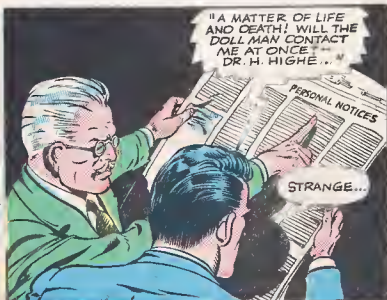
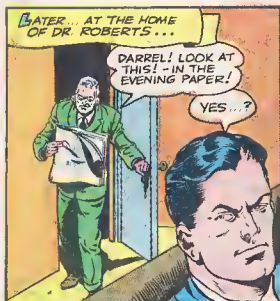
WH--WHAT?
SEE HERE!

PPFFFT!

MY LIFE - WHAT
GOOD IS IT TO ME
MY WIFE - WHAT GOOD
IS SHE TO ME? OH-OH
WHY DON'T I ENO IT ALL
ONCE AND FOREVER ---

I'LL (PUFF) - I'LL
(GRUNT) - I'LL
K-KILL
MYSELF!





A FEW MINUTES SWIFTLY PASS ... THEN UP TO THE REAR DOOR DARREL DANE RUSHES - IN THE GUISE OF THE MIGHTY MITE - **THE DOLL MAN!!**

PSST! IN HERE QUICK!

INSIDE...

EVEN SMALLER THAN ME!! PERFECT PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT, TOO! HMMMM - FOLLOW ME, DOLL MAN, BUT QUIETLY!

LEAD ON, DOCTOR! I UNDERSTAND YOU NEED MY HELP!

WE'RE SAFE HERB NOW.. YOU SEE, DOLL MAN, FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH THE PROBLEM OF GROWTH AND HOW TO CONTROL IT! NOT FOR MYSELF YOU UNDERSTAND - PURELY SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY.

AHEM... OF COURSE, DOCTOR!

WHAT'S NEXT, I WONDER--

... FINALLY I PERFECTED WHAT I THOUGHT WAS AN ELIXIR OF GROWTH... I GAVE IT TO MY WIFE... SOMETHING UNFORTUNATE HAPPENED --

SNIFF-SNIFF A BUTESIN COMPOUND, EH? YES, YES, GO ON---

-- SHE GREW A BEARD! MY LIFE HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE--

A BEARD?! NO! YOU MUST BE KIDDING ME, DOCTOR!

NO! I'M NOT! TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT THE ELIXIR, DOLL MAN - MAYBE YOU CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT IS WRONG, EH?

WELL-- ALL RIGHT, I WILL ---

SWISH!
BING!

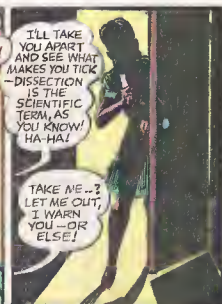
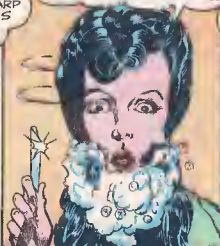
I'VE GOT HIM! HA-HA! I'VE GOT HIM WHERE I WANT HIM! NOW - TO DISCOVER HIS SECRET!

WHILE IN THE OTHER END
OF THE HOUSE ...



I-I'M AFRAID... THIS
RAZOR IS S-SO SHARP
... OH, WHY DID THIS
HAVE TO HAPPEN
TO ME? WHY?!

WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED
LIKE BREAKING GLASS! OH!
I'LL BET HE'S SNEAKED
BACK HOME! IF HE HAS -- !!



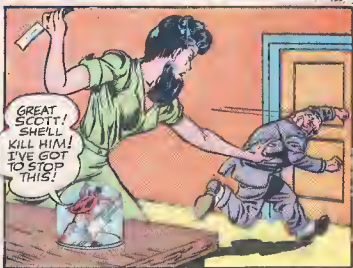
I'LL TAKE
YOU APART
AND SEE WHAT
MAKES YOU TICK
--DISSECTION
IS THE
SCIENTIFIC
TERM, AS
YOU KNOW!
HA-HA!

TAKE ME --?
LET ME OUT,
I WARN
YOU --OR
ELSE!

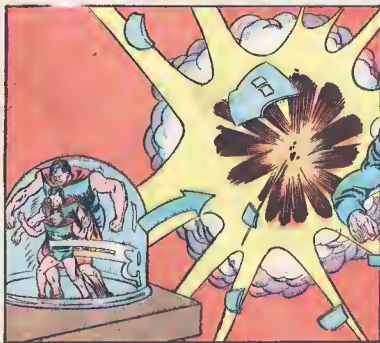


--ELSE WHAT, LITTLE MAN?
I'LL RIP YOU OPEN -- PULL
OUT YOUR GLANDS -- SOON
YOUR SECRET OF GROWTH
SHALL BE MINE AND --
OH, OH! WOE!

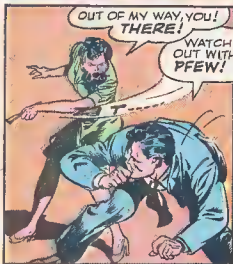
SO --- I
THOUGHT AS
MUCH! ---
YOU!

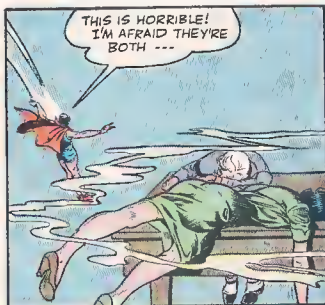


GREAT
SCOTT!
SHE'LL
KILL HIM!
I'VE GOT
TO STOP
THIS!

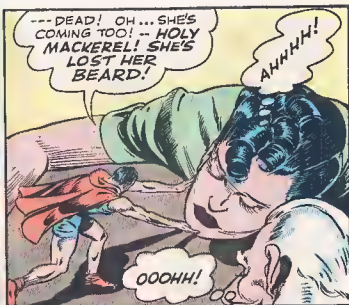


STOP!





THIS IS HORRIBLE!
I'M AFRAID THEY'RE
BOTH ---



--- DEAD! OH... SHE'S
COMING TOO! -- HOLY
MACKEREL! SHE'S
LOST HER
BEARD!

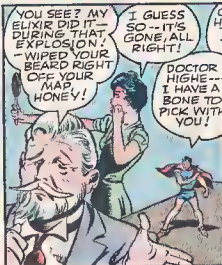
AAAAHHH!

OOOHH!



M-MY BEARD!
IT'S GONE! I
CAN'T BELIEVE
IT!

VEREE!
YOUR
FACE --?



YOU SEE? MY
ELIXIR DID IT--
DURING THAT
EXPLOSION!
-- WIPED YOUR
BEARD RIGHT
OFF YOUR
FACE, HONEY!

I GUESS
SO--IT'S
GONE, ALL
RIGHT!

DOCTOR
HIGHE----
I HAVE A
BONE TO
PICK WITH
YOU!



OH NO YOU
HAVEN'T! LEAVE
THE DOCTOR
TO ME, MR.
DOLL MAN!
JUST
LEAVE
HIM TO
ME!

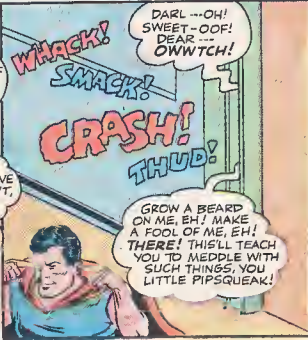
I DON'T LIKE
PEOPLE WHO
WANT TO MESS
WITH MY INSIDES
--NOT AT ALL I
DON'T---



GOODBYE, MR.
DOLL MAN! I
DON'T KNOW HOW
TO THANK YOU--

WELL--
ALL RIGHT,
I GUESS
YOU CAN
TAKE CARE OF
EVERYTHING
FROM NOW
ON, EH?

DOLL MAN!
D-DON'T LEAVE
ME! D-DON'T,
PLEASE!
SHE'LL--
SHE'LL--
OHHHHHHH!

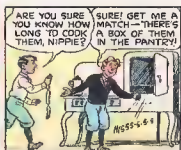


WHACK!
SMACK!

CRASH!
THUD!

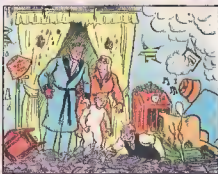
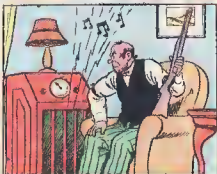
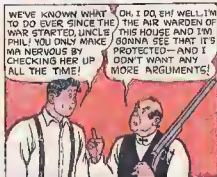
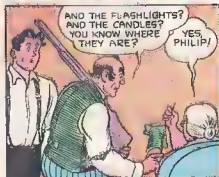
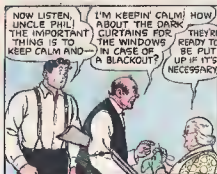
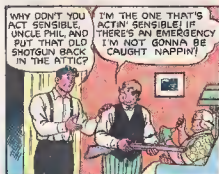
GROW A BEARD
ON ME, EH! MAKE
A FOOL OF ME, EH!
THERE! THIS'LL TEACH
YOU TO MEDDLE WITH
SUCH THINGS, YOU
LITTLE PIPSQUEAK!

AH
YES
!



MICKEY FINN

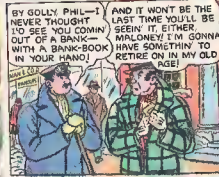
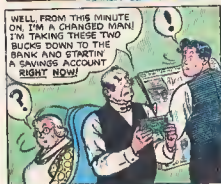
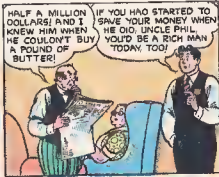
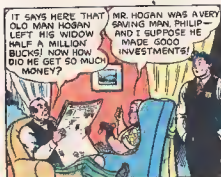
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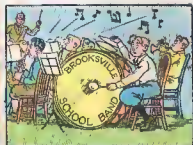
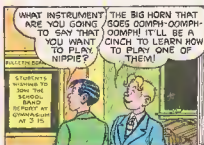




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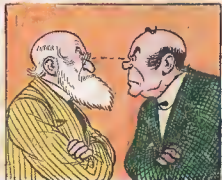
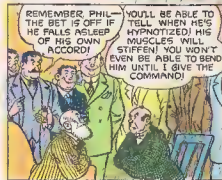
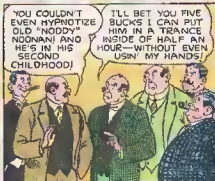
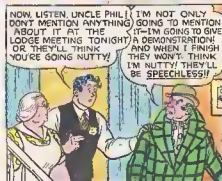
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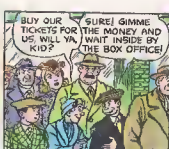




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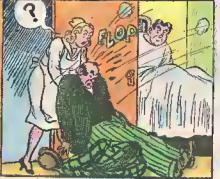
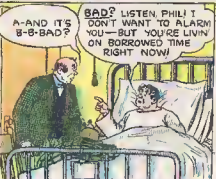
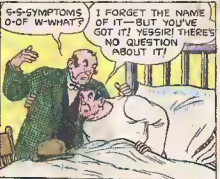
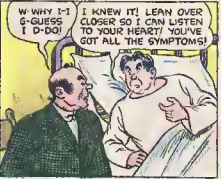
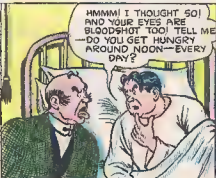
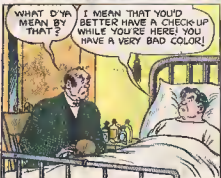
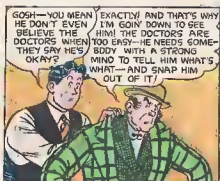
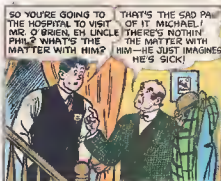
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



POISON IVY

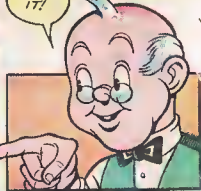
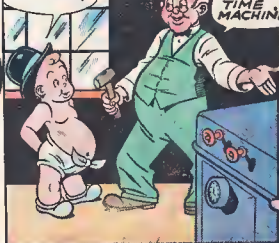
THE MIGHTY MITE

by GILL FOX-

INVENTIN' A NEW KIND OF GAS RANGE, GRANDPA?

IT MAY LOOK LIKE A GAS RANGE, POISON..BUT IT'S A TIME MACHINE!

IT'LL TAKE WHOEVER ENTERS IT BACK TO THEIR FIRST ANCESTORS BUT..AHEM...I MISCALCULATED THE SIZE AND IT'S TOO SMALL FOR ME TO FIT INTO, SO YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO TRY IT!

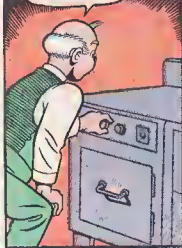


HEY, THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!

I CAN'T WASTE TIME PUTTING IN A FUSE NOW. LET'S GET ON WITH THE EXPERIMENT! G'WAN GET IN!



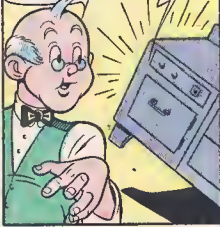
HE'S IN..NOW I TURN A DIAL AND HE'S OFF INTO TH' PAST



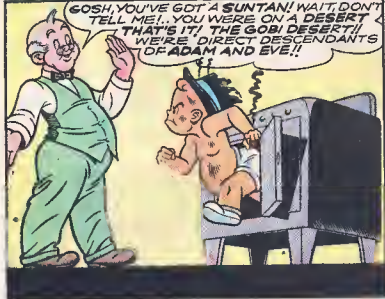
2 MINUTES LATER..

HEY, GRANDPA! LEMME OUT! QUICK!

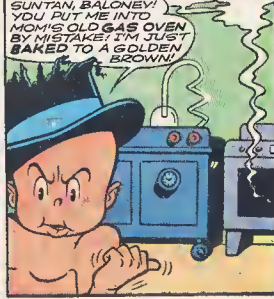
WHY, HE'S BACK ALL READY!



GOSH, YOU'VE GOT A SUNTAN! WAIT, DON'T TELL ME!..YOU WERE ON A DESERT! THAT'S IT! THE GOBI DESERT!! WE'RE DIRECT DESCENDANTS OF ADAM AND EVE!!



SUNTAN, BALONEY! YOU PUT ME INTO MOM'S OLD GAS OVEN BY MISTAKE! I'M JUST BAKED TO A GOLDEN BROWN!





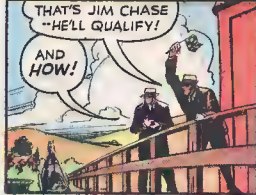
CHILLING THE SOUL WITH HORROR,
STUNNING THE BRAIN WITH TERROR,
WEIRD, GHASTLY...PULSATING WITH THE
STARK FASCINATION WHICH SURROUNDS
ALL THINGS WHICH CROSS FROM THE
SUPERNATURAL --THESE THINGS AND
MORE ZERO HAS HAD TO SOLVE ...
BUT NONE MORE STRANGE THAN THE
CASE OF BUGGY No. 13!!

ZERO

GOSHEN TROTTING TRACK... AS
ONE OF THE ENTRANTS NEARS
THE END OF THE TIME TRIALS...

THAT'S JIM CHASE
--HE'LL QUALIFY!

AND
HOW!



LOOK! HE'S PULLED
UP HIS HORSE! JUST
BEFORE THE
FINISH LINE!

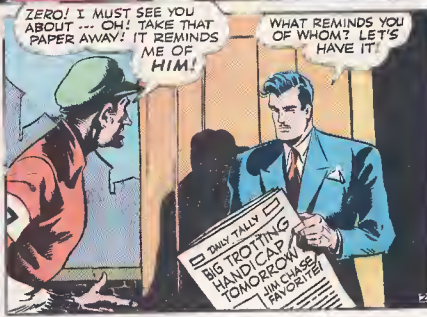
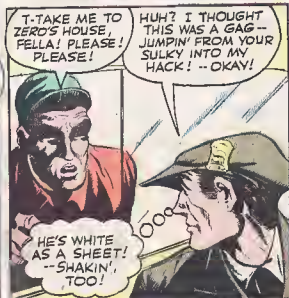
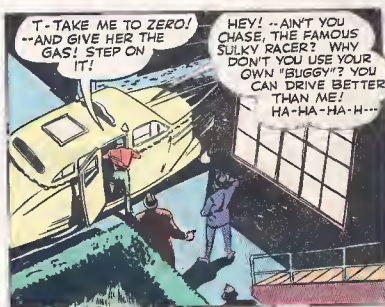
HE'S
RUINED
HIS TIME
TRIAL--
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED!



GET BACK!
GET AWAY FROM
ME, GUNNER! GET
AWAY, I TELL
YOU!

WHAT
THE ...!
LOOK AT
HIM!





MY NAME'S JIMMY CHASE. I'M THE DRIVER SUPPOSED TO RACE TOMORROW! BUT I CAN'T! --- HE'LL CRACK ME UP!--- JUST LIKE HE DID!

LISTEN -- ZERO! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!



NOW LOOK--I CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF WHAT YOU'RE SAYING! CALM DOWN!

CALM DOWN ---? HOW CAN I BE CALM WHEN HE STARES AT ME, DAY AND NIGHT? NEVER A MINUTES PEACE! --- WITH HIS FACE MANGLED TO A PULP! --- AND LAUGHING -- SAYING, "I'LL GET YOU, JIMMY! I'LL CRACK YOU UP -- AND YOU'LL DIE! DIE LIKE YOU MADE ME DO!



SNAP OUT OF IT!

DAY AND NIGHT, I SEE HIM! -- HE HATED ME WHEN HE WAS ALIVE-- RACING AGAINST ME! NOW HE'S DEAD! -- CRASHED IN A HEAP!-- HAUNTING ME --UNTIL I CRACK UP!-- LIKE HE DID!

SLAP!

I LOST MY HEAD! SORRY --BUT YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW TERRIBLE IT IS!

I THINK I DO --GO ON-- WHO IS THIS MAN?

GUNNER GREER --WE WERE ALWAYS RIVALS--NIP AND TUCK IN THE RACES--AND HE HATED ME! -- SWORE HE'D FIX ME SOME DAY! -- FIX ME GOOD! -- HE TOOK SOME AWFUL CHANCES, TRYING TO CRACK ME UP --BUT---

---BUT HE NEVER GOT HIS CHANCE! ONE TIME HE TRIED TO CUT ME OFF ON A TURN-- HE CRASHED OVER THE FENCE! EVER SINCE THEN I'VE SEEN HIS MANGLED FACE BEFORE ME -- TAUNTING ME--EGGING ME ON TO CRASH -- LIKE HE DID-- ON THE BIG TURN!

NEXT MORNING

... AT THE TRACK, MINUTES BEFORE THE HANDICAP ... HORSE-HANDLERS WORK FEVERISHLY



WHILE, IN FRONT OF HIS STABLE, JIMMY CHASE PREPARES TO RACE...

NICE OF YOU, ZERO, TO PUT ME UP, LAST NIGHT! I HAVEN'T SLEPT BETTER SINCE--SINCE--

FORGET THAT!-- YOUR JOB IS TO WIN THE HANDICAP!



SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS CONTRAPTION, JIMMY?

HEY! ARE YOU KIDDING?

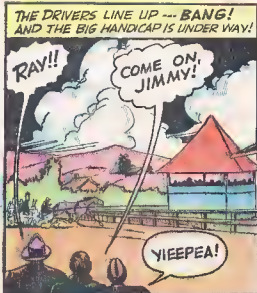
I'LL KID HIM ALONG--TAKE HIS MINO FROM "GUNNER"!



THE DRIVERS LINE UP --- BANG! AND THE BIG HANDICAP IS UNDER WAY!

RAY!!

COME ON, JIMMY!



YOU'RE SECOND, SO FAR, JIMMY! GET THAT HORSE GOING!



MASTERFULLY HANDLING THE REINS, JIMMY SURGES AHEAD! ...

NICE GOING, BLUE BOY! WE'RE LEADING NOW --- EASY, BOY --- EASY DOES IT!



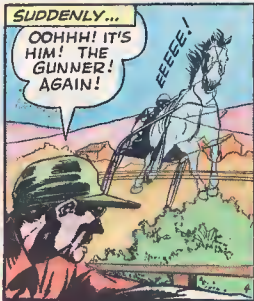
AROUND AND AROUND THE SULKIES 'MADLY WHIRL! LAP AFTER LAP, No. 7 HOLDS HIS LEAD -- WHEN ---

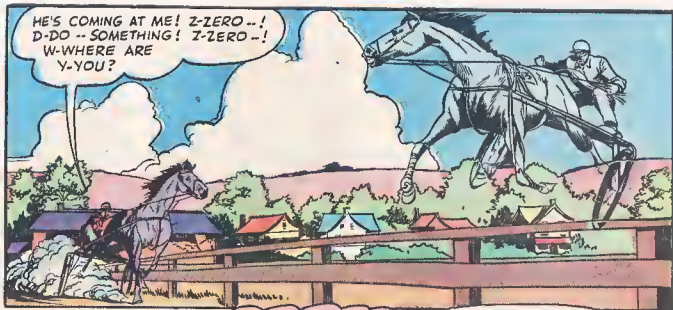


SUDDENLY...

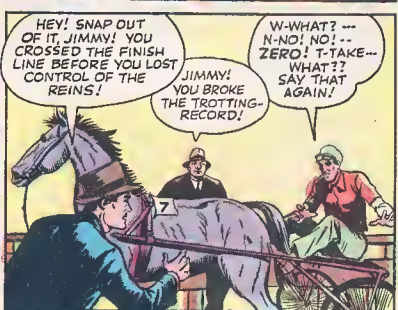
OOHHH! IT'S HIM! THE GUNNER! AGAIN!

EEEE!





JIMMY! -- THE REINS!
-- OH -- HE'S HYSTERICAL!
-- HE'S LET GO OF
THE REINS!



inferior man!

By
AL STAHL

DRAT THAT
%0@\$\$#!
MOUSE!

SQUEEK!
SQUEEK!

HE KEEPS
STEALING
THE CHEESE
FROM MY
TRAP!

I'LL END HIS
LIFE ONCE
AND FOR ALL
WITH...

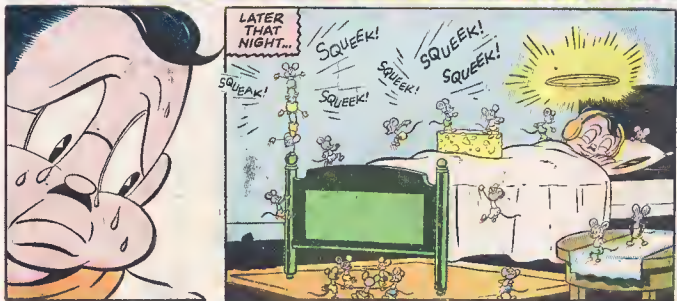
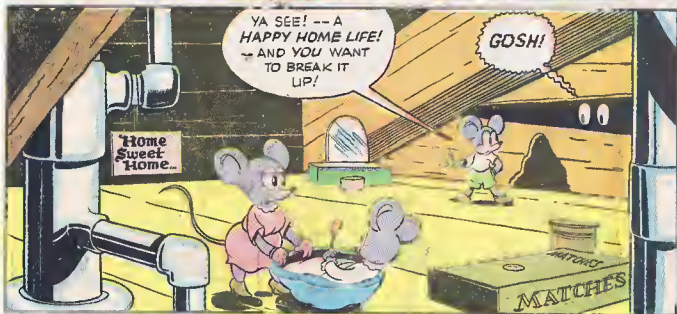
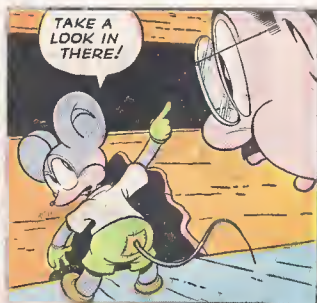
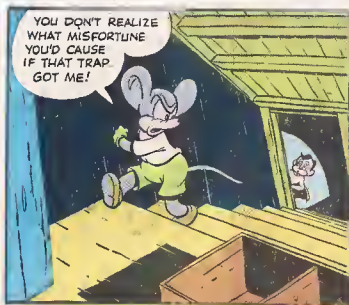
...THE **inferior-man**
MOUSE TRAP!!!

NOW --
COME AN'
GET IT! --
YOU
RAT!

JUST A SECOND
BUD! -- JUST
A SECOND!

IT'S GUYS
LIKE YOU WHO
MAKE A
MOUSE'S LIFE
CHEESY!

HUH?



SWING Sisson

PHIL
MARTIN



IN THE WORDS OF THAT FANTASTIC FIEND KNOWN AS THE MAESTRO, "THE CLOVER CLUB IS A MODERN TEMPLE OF SIN, WHERE THE GENTLE ARTS OF MUSIC AND DANCING ARE CORRUPTED BY FOUL BOOGIE-WOOGIE MUSIC AND IDIOTIC JITTERBUGGING!" HE NOW RETURNS TO PLAGUE SWING Sisson AND HIS PALS UNTIL

IT WAS JUST A YEAR AGO THAT SWING PUT THE MAESTRO BEHIND BARS--- AND WE FIND HIM STILL IN PRISON, BROODING OVER HIS BAD FORTUNE...

ONE YEAR!! I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE!!



A SWINGY TUNE DRIFTS INTO THE CELL...

WHAT'S THAT? JAZZ MUSIC! STOP IT! WHOEVER IS PLAYING THAT HARMONICA WILL FEEL THE WRATH OF THE MAESTRO IF HE DOESN'T CEASE!



GO ON, MAC! DON'T LET THAT SCREWY GUY IN DA NEXT CELL BOTHER YUH!

YEAH, MAC, PLAY SOME MORE!!



I'LL SHOW THEM... I'LL DROWN
THAT FOOL OUT WITH
MY VIOLIN!



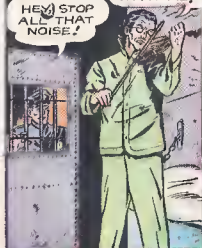
HE BEGINS A WEIRD MELODY...

I'LL PLAY
LIKE I'VE
NEVER PLAYED
BEFORE!



AH, THEY'VE STOPPED!
THEY MIGHT HAVE KNOWN
THEY COULDN'T COMPETE
WITH ME!

HEY! STOP
ALL THAT
NOISE!



HAVEN'T YOU THE INTELLIGENCE
AND CULTURE TO APPRECIATE
MY MUSIC, YOU...?



WHY... WHY, THAT
GUARD LOOKS AS IF HE
WERE IN A DAZE...
ALMOST AS THOUGH HE
WERE HYPNOTIZED! I
WONDER....

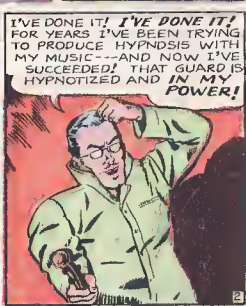


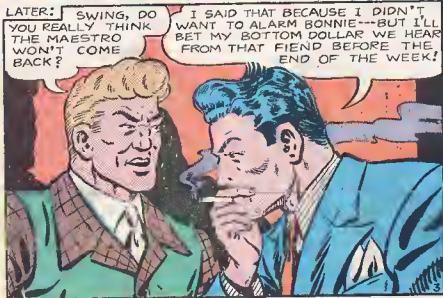
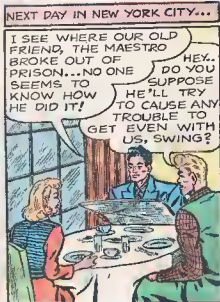
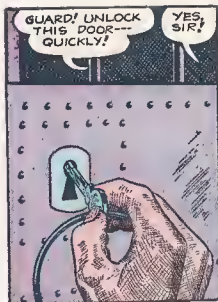
GUARD! BUTT YOUR HEAD
AGAINST THE
WALL!

Y..YES,
SIR...



I'VE DONE IT! I'VE DONE IT!
FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN TRYING
TO PRODUCE HYPNOSIS WITH
MY MUSIC---AND NOW I'VE
SUCCEEDED! THAT GUARD IS
HYPNOTIZED AND IN MY
POWER!





THAT EVENING... DANCING
GETS UNDER WAY AT THE
CLOVER CLUB....



NICE SINGING,
BONNIE!

DON'T TRY TO
FOOL ME, SWING---
I KNOW I'M DOIN'
AWFUL! BUT THE
MAESTRO'S PRISON BREAK
HAS SORTA
SCARED
ME!



SWING LEADS THE BOYS
INTO A HOT NUMBER....

HIT IT,
GUYS!

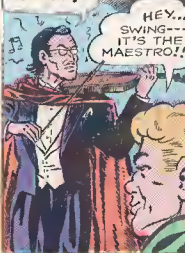


ABRUPTLY:

FOOLS!
STOP THIS
IDIOTIC
DANCING!!



SO YOU PEOPLE LIKE THIS
DISGUSTING MUSIC,
DO YOU?

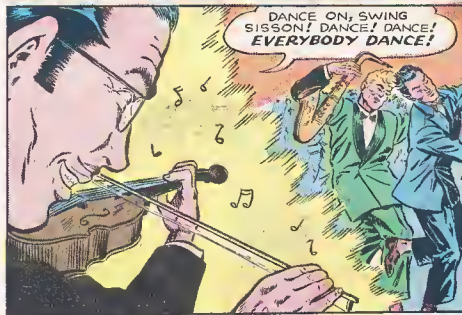


HEY...
SWING---
IT'S THE
MAESTRO!!

AS THE MAESTRO'S CAPTIVATING
MUSIC TAKES HOLD ON THE
CROWD, **EVERYONE DANCES!!**



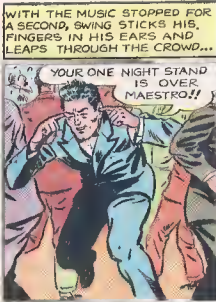
VERY WELL THEN,
**DANCE! DANCE ON AND
ON UNTIL YOU DIE!!**



DANCE ON, SWING
SISSON! DANCE! DANCE!
EVERYBODY DANCE!

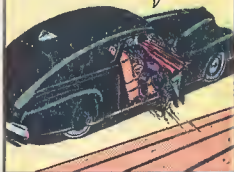
EVEN SWING, BONNIE, AND
TOBY FALL UNDER THE
SPELL...



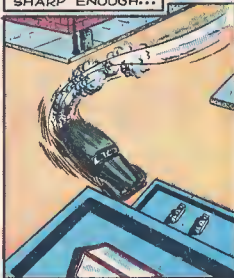


OUTSIDE, THE MAESTRO
TAKES A CAR...

I AM
FORCED TO FLEE---
BUT I'LL RETURN AGAIN,
AND THE FINISH
WILL BE DIFFERENT!



SPEEDING TOO FAST, THE
MAESTRO FAILS TO TURN
SHARP ENOUGH...

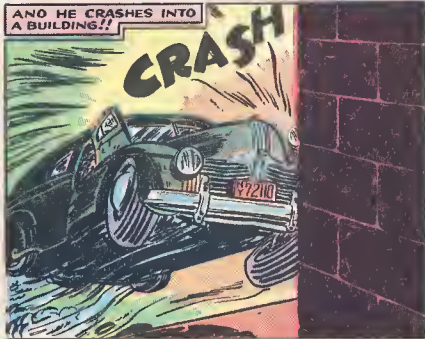


BOYS, LET'S TAKE
THIS CAR! MAYBE
WE CAN CATCH...

WAIT---THE
MAESTRO WILL
NEVER MAKE
THAT TURN...
LOOK!!



AND HE CRASHES INTO
A BUILDING!!



C'MON, KIDS! THE
MAESTRO MAY BE
ALIVE YET!



BUT FLAMES SWEEP THE
WRECKED AUTOMOBILE...



OOOOH! HOW
HORRIBLE!
NOBODY COULD
LIVE THROUGH
THAT!!

RIGHT, BONNIE!
I GUESS WE'VE
SEEN THE
LAST OF THE
MAESTRO!!



BUT HAVE THEY?

AH, BIFFANY'S JEWELRY STORE? WELL, I'M THINKING OF PURCHASING A DIAMOND NECKLACE FOR MY SISTER... SOMETHING AROUND \$27,000!

LALA PALOOZA

AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GET \$27,000?

OH, I'LL PICK IT UP IN PURSE FROM MY RACE-HORSE

I BOUGHT A PRIZE HORSE THROUGH MY PAL AT THE TRACK WHO GOT ME A FAT BUY FOR ONLY \$700!

I PAID \$10 DOWN AND ONLY GIVE A BUCK A MONTH 'TIL HE'S MINE! I'LL MAKE MILLIONS WHEN I START RACING HIM!

THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO START MY ART COLLECTION

I'LL TAKE THAT PICTURE

NOW PLAYING

OH, I HADDA HAT WHEN I CAME IN--

"AND INDULGE MY TASTE FOR MUSIC"

JUST DUMP IT INSIDE, JIVES!

BANK

"AND BANK AWAY BOODLES OF IT FOR A RAINY DAY, TOO!"

HOW DOES THAT SOUND FOR A TEN BUCK INVESTMENT, LALA?

FINE, EXCEPT--

BY THE TIME YOU'VE PAID THE \$700 AT ONE DOLLAR A MONTH - AND GET YOUR HORSE ---

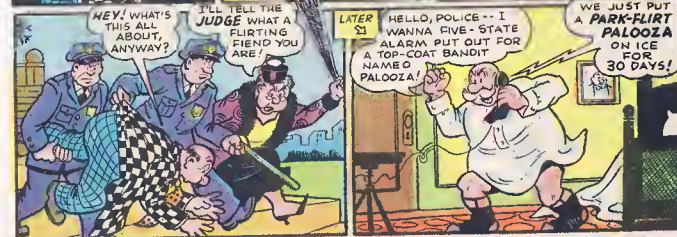
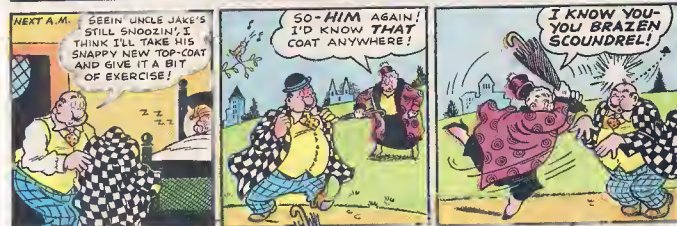
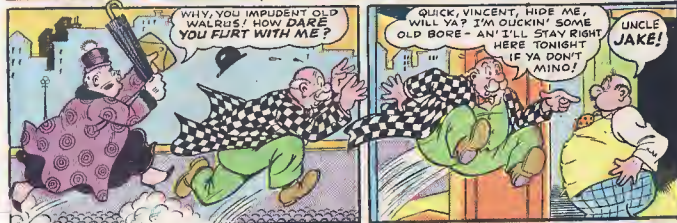
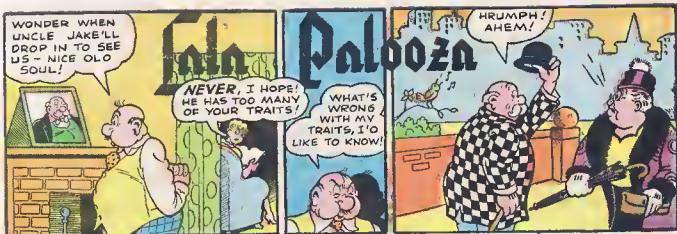
THE NAG WILL BE NEARLY SIXTY YEARS OLD!

LATER

WHY YOU--

OKAY--I'LL GIVE YOU BACK THE TEN BUCKS!

SAY! HOW MANY IN THIS RACE?



SPIDER-WIDOW

FRANK M. BORTH Features.



Meets The
**TIGLON
MAN!**

NOTE:

This TIGLON MAN IS WHAT WE CALL A CHARACTER, AND THIS BIRD IS *SOME* CHARACTER! SOME PEOPLE WILL SAY HE'S A FREAK, A "MISSING LINK" -- OTHERS WILL GO SO FAR AS TO CALL HIM A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DEVIL HIMSELF.

BUT WE'LL JUST CALL HIM A CHARACTER UNTIL YOU FINISH READING THIS STORY-- THEN, IF YOU'VE GOT A BETTER NAME FOR HIM, LET ME KNOW...

Borth

THE SPIDER WIDOW YOU ALREADY KNOW! SHE'S JUST A CREATION OF DIANNE GRAYTON (SMART STUFF IN THE BACKGROUND ABOVE)...

BY WEARING A HIDEOUS MASK, THIS BEAUTY BECOMES AN "UGLY" -- AND AS AN "UGLY" SHE MANAGES TO PROWL AROUND WHERE YOU AND I WOULDN'T DARE TO GO! FOR INSTANCE, RIGHT NOW SHE'S POKING HER WRINKLED NOSE INTO SOMETHING THAT'S **SOMETHING!**

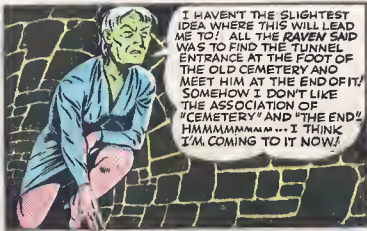
SECRET
PASSAGES --
BAH!



I HAVE THE RAVEN TO THANK FOR THIS! HE'D BETTER BE AT THE END OF THIS TUNNEL AFTER SENDING ME THAT NOTE TELLING ME HOW TO GET HERE. I WONDER WHAT'S UP? MAYBE THAT CRAZY BIRD HAS RUN ONTO SOMETHING HOT!



I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE THIS WILL LEAD ME TO! ALL THE RAVEN SAID WAS TO FIND THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE AT THE FOOT OF THE OLD CEMETERY AND MEET HIM AT THE END OF IT! SOMEHOW I DON'T LIKE THE ASSOCIATION OF "CEMETERY" AND "THE END"! HMMMMMMMMMM... I THINK I'M COMING TO IT NOW!



YOU AIN'T KIDDIN' BABY!

OH...
RAVEN!
WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF
SCARING
THE LIFE
OUT OF
ME?

OH-NOW, NOW, BABY,
I WOULDN'T DO THAT!
I'D RATHER HAVE YOU
TICKLED TO DEATH
TO SEE ME!

YOU PICK THE
NICEST PLACES
TO GO ROMANTIC!
WHAT'S THE **CATCH**
TO THIS
CLAMBAKE?

HA-HA-HA!
THAT'S GOOD!
WHAT'S THE **CATCH?**
YOU
ARE!

OH-OH!
SOMETHING
FUNNY IS
UP!

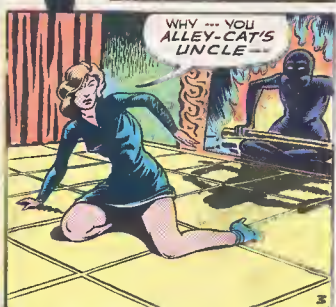
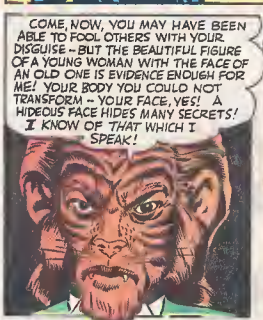
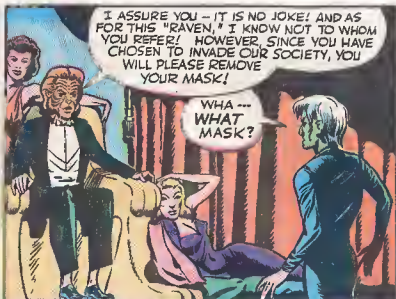
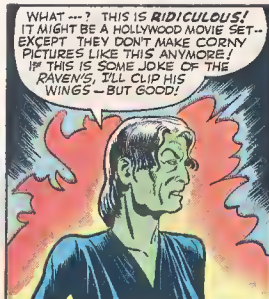
SEE WHAT
I MEAN!

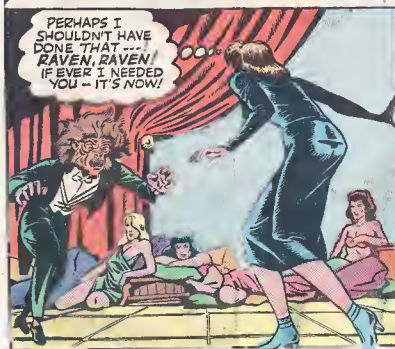


CONFRONTED BY THESE TWO
MONSTROSITIES, DIANNE SUDDENLY
FEELS THE GROUND GIVE WAY
BENEATH HER! — AND —

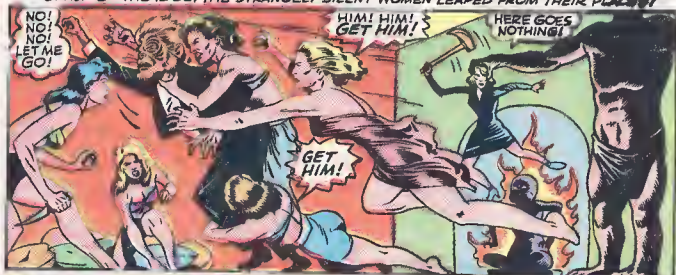
IT'S ABOUT
TIME YOU
GOT HERE!



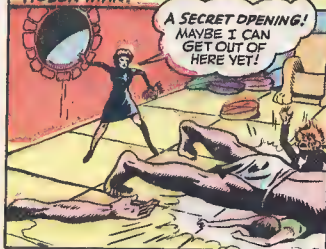




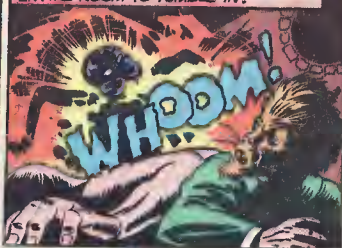
THE AXE PROVES TO BE MORE THAN A WEAPON! THE MOMENT DIANNE TORE IT FROM THE GRASP OF THE IDOL, THE STRANGELY SILENT WOMEN LEAPED FROM THEIR PLACES!



THE BLOW STRIKES HOME! THE HUGE MONSTER LURCHES FORWARD -- FALLS WITH A SICKENING THUD OVER THE STRUGGLING TISLON MAN!



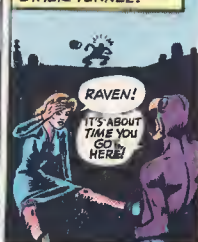
AND JUST AS, DIANNE CRAWLS INTO THE TUNNEL, THE IDOL FROM WHOM SHE HAD TAKEN THE AXE EXPLODES, CAUSING THE ENTIRE ROOM TO TUMBLE IN!



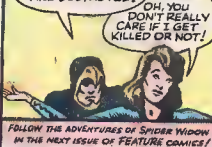
DIANNE IS SHOT OUT OF THE TUNNEL AS THOUGH BY A GUN!...



LANDING IN THE SOFT EARTH NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE OTHER TUNNEL!



LATER... I TOLD YOU TO MEET ME AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL! HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT THE CAVE WAS FULL OF ESCAPED LUNATICS? I WANTED YOU TO SEE THE INDIAN RELICS I HAD DISCOVERED -- AND NOW, THANKS TO YOUR HAVING BLUNDERED INTO THOSE MAD PEOPLE, THEY ARE ALL DEAD AND THE RELICS ARE DESTROYED!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF SPIDER WIDOW IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS!

SPIN SHAW

REX SMITH

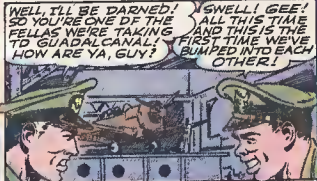
PLOWING MAJESTICALLY THROUGH THE WATERS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC, AN AMERICAN CARRIER CAREFULLY CARRIES HER CARGO OF ARMY FIGHTER PLANES TO THE SOLOMONS...



HEY!! WHOA, PILOT! PULL DOWN YOUR WING FLAPS! YOU'RE COMING DOWN TOO FAST!

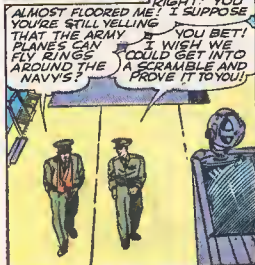


OH! I'M SORRY, SIR! I DIDN'T SEE-- SPIN!! LUCKY BUCKLEY! THE ARMY'S PRIDE AND JOY!



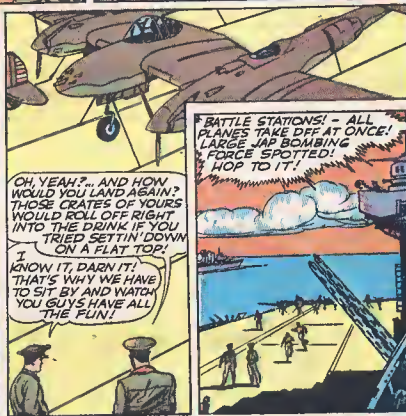
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! SO YOU'RE ONE OF THE FELLAS WE'RE TAKING TO GUADALCANAL! HOW ARE YA, GUY?

SWELL! GEE! ALL THIS TIME AND THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE BUMPED INTO EACH OTHER!



ALMOST FLOORED ME! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE STILL YELLING THAT THE ARMY PLANES CAN FLY RINGS AROUND THE NAVY'S!

BUMPED IS RIGHT! YOU I WISH WE COULD GET INTO A SCRAMBLE AND PROVE IT TO YOU!



OH, YEAH?... AND HOW WOULD YOU LAND AGAIN? THOSE CRATES OF YOURS WOULD ROLL OFF RIGHT INTO THE DRINK IF YOU TRIED SETTING DOWN ON A FLAT TOP! I KNOW IT, DARN IT! THAT'S WHY WE HAVE TO SIT BY AND WATCH YOU GUYS HAVE ALL THE FUN!



BATTLE STATIONS! - ALL PLANES TAKE OFF AT ONCE! LARGE JAP BOMBING FORCE SPOTTED! HOP TO IT!

THAT MEANS ME!... SO LONG, LAND LUBBER!... FIND A GOOD SEAT AND WATCH THE NAVY POLISH OFF THESE BONZIS!

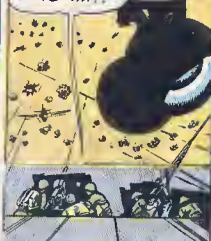
LUCKY DOG! I WISH I WERE GOING!



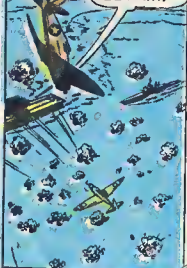
WAVING HIS FLIGHT TO ITS SHIP, SPIN GETS THE ALL-CLEAR SIGNAL AND ROARS INTO THE SKY...



HERE THEY COME! WATCH IT! HERE COMES A JAP TORPEDO PLANE! GIVE IT TO 'IM!!



LOOK! IT'S CAPT. SHAW! WHAT A MAN! -- HE'S DIVIN' THROUGH HIS OWN ACK-ACK TO GET THAT NIP! -- SIC 'EM, SPIN! GO, GET 'IM!



WHILE ON THE BRIDGE...

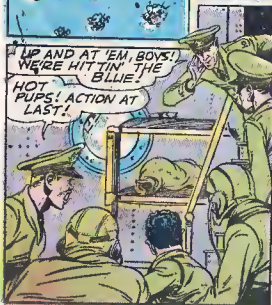
HE GOT HIM!... MAN! WHAT A FLYER THAT SHAW IS! WOW!

PERHAPS! BUT HE CAN'T STOP THEM ALL! AND THEY'RE STILL COMING! MAJOR, YOU AND YOUR BOYS BETTER TAKE OFF AND HEAD FOR HENDERSON! YOU'LL HAVE JUST ENOUGH GAS TO GET THERE! BUT YOU MUST NOT STOP TO FIGHT!



UP AND AT 'EM, BOYS! WE'RE HITTING THE BLUE!

HOT PUPS! ACTION AT LAST!



NIX, BUCK! NO SCRAMBLE! WE CLIMB ABOVE THE CLOUDS AND RIP FOR GUADALCANAL! UNDERSTAND?... NO FIGHTIN'!



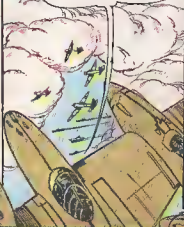
OKAY, MEN! STEADY AS YOU GO, AND GO LIKE BLAZES! WE'LL GET A CHANCE AT THESE BIRDS NEXT TIME!



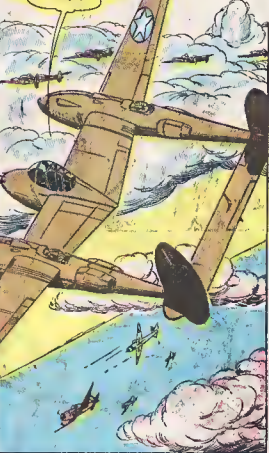
PHOOEY! WHAT A LIFE!
A SCRAMBLE GOIN' ON AN'
WE RUN FROM IT!...
NERTS!



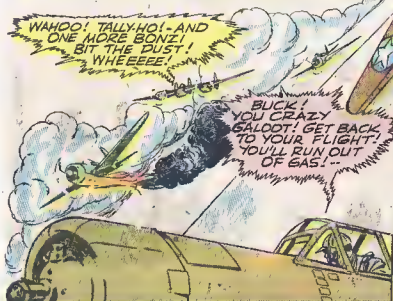
HUH!! AND THERE'S THE
NIP FLEET, TOO!... JUST
WAITIN' TO BE SHOT UP!
JUMPIN' JEEPS! SPIN'S
IN TROUBLE! BUT
GOOD!



ORDERS OR NO
ORDERS--I'M GOIN'
TO HELP HIM
OUT!

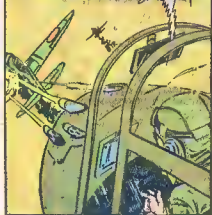


Wahoo! Tally-Ho!-AND
ONE MORE BONZI!
BIT THE DUST!
WHEEEEE!



BUCK!
YOU CRAZY
GALLOOT! GET BACK
TO YOUR FLIGHT!
YOU'LL RUN OUT
OF GAS!--

YEAH! YEAH! IN A
MINUTE, PAL! I JUST
WANT TO PROVE OUR
PLANES ARE OKAY!



SEE? I TOLD YA!
NOTHIN' TO IT! LIKE
FALLIN' OFF A --- UGH--
COUGH--UH--OFF
A LOG---



BUCK! YOU'RE HIT!
HERE--YOU DIRTY RAT...
THAT'S FOR BUCK!



BUCK! BUCK! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YEAH--YEAH SURE--S-SPIN!--LISTEN! THE JAP FLEET--TWO THIRTY NORTH--GO--GO GET EM!

I'LL GO GET OUR TORPEDO BOMBERS--WE'LL GET 'EM--BUT YOU STEP ON IT AND GET BACK TO YOUR FLIGHT! YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY?

S-SURE. THEY DIDN'T EVEN T-TOUCH ME! T-TAKE CARE, KID!--G-GO GET 'EM!

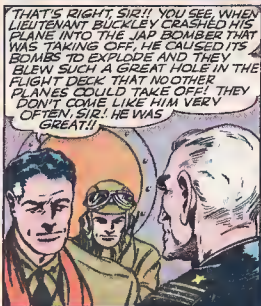
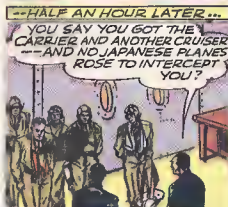
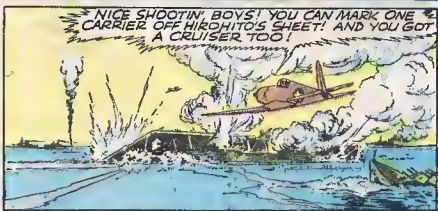
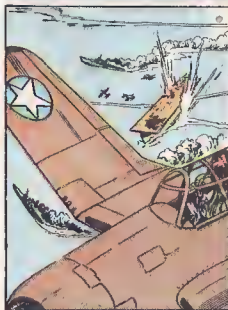
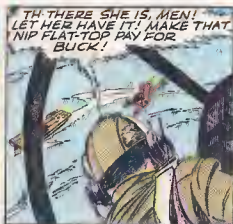
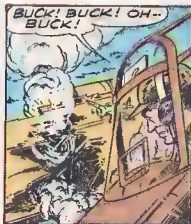
I--I'LL NEVER--MAKE IT BACK--BUT I'M GO--GOIN' OKT WITH THAT NIP FLAT-TOP IN MY--H-HIP POCKET!

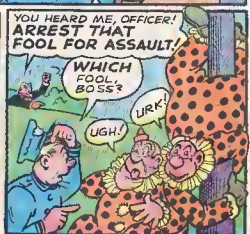
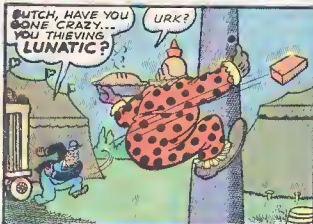
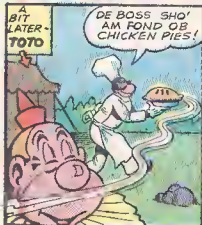
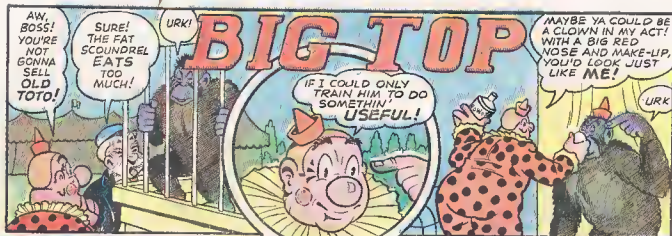
BUCK WAS RIGHT! THERE'S THE JAP FLEET! HUH! WONDER WHAT THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT?

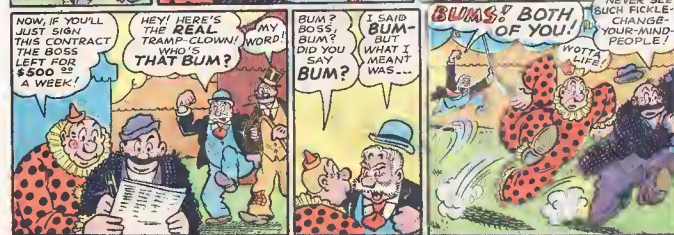
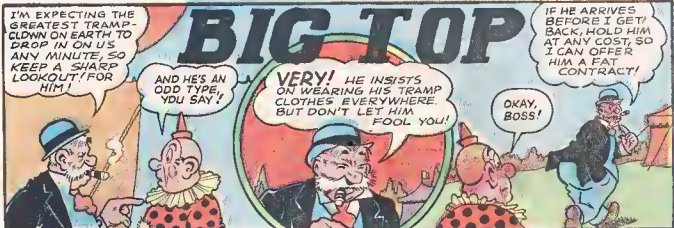
GOOD LORD! IT'S BUCK! HE'S ATTACKING THE CARRIER ALONE!

NICE! FAT JAP BOMBER TAKIN' OFF! T-TOO BAD! LIL' BUCK IS--G-GONNA

G-GONNA PUSH YOUR N-NOSE IN!--







FLYING DUTCHMAN RETURNS

THE Driftwind slipped through the Atlantic mists with Diesels stilled. This was the sub zone and sonic detectors could pick up the sound of churning propellers five miles away. You took advantage of the Gulf Current, if it happened to be going your way, and just sat tight. And quiet.

The long, racey lines of the Driftwind, her scuppers not far above the water, gave her the appearance of some amphibian monster rising from the sea. Speed. Everything in the design of this noteworthy cruiser had been sacrificed for speed. She had several times proved her metal, getting away from Axis destroyers and submarines. Forty-five knots. More, if she were really pressed. But forty-five is nothing to be sneezed at, in the water.

In the dark control cabin, Perry Scott, skipper-owner of the Driftwind, stood peering through the plexiglass windows at the dark sea, rolling and pitching everywhere. Out there, Axis monsters of the deep were every hour accounting for thousands of tons of shipping. Out there, death lurked in the bottom as well as on the surface of the Atlantic. One ship in four got through to its destination. A bad margin. . . .

Perry had had a rather bad time getting this far south at all. Those subs were thick as hairs on a dog's back. In the daytime they were especially dangerous, for then the mists were scarce and one couldn't just rock at leisure in the middle of the ocean. At night it was better; there were the frequent fogs. Besides that, it was just as hard for the sub to see you as it was for you to spot the sub. It was still a long ways to the destination Perry had started.

Most of the crew was asleep. It was past midnight and the fog was a heavy woolen blanket spread over the sea. Occasionally it would lift overhead and then you could see a glimmer of stars, which are always bright and seemingly very close in these latitudes. Like the desert. And, yes, this is the desert of the Atlantic. There are few islands, and they are far apart, some of them as yet uncharted.

Perry leaned over the control panel and tried to keep his eyes open as they drifted slowly southward. No danger of icebergs down here. The danger all lay in deadly steel subs lurking below the surface. Perry had rammed one of them one night while drifting and that had nearly cost him a ship and crew. It had been a hundred miles west of the Azores. A foggy night. He knew that many subs patrolled the waters. He was on a government mission and there was no ducking the issue. But after being chased for several miles by a sub, and getting away, he felt that he'd better drift a few miles with engines cut.

He had been drifting a scant twenty minutes when his bows slid up with a grinding crash and he knew he'd climbed over the round top of a sub. The craft submerged quickly but came to the surface with deck guns spouting fire. Part of the superstructure had been shot away, but again the Driftwind's great speed had stood her in good stead. . . .

Perry started awake with a thunderous roar in his ears. A shell screamed over the Driftwind. He instantly cut in the engines and the boat shot away in the mists.

"Holy smoke!" he growled. "I fall asleep and a sub sneaks up. Must've been lying on the surface and spotted us."

Another shell whizzed overhead, and this time it was closer. Some of the crew members came tumbling up on deck, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes and muttering about being awakened this time of night. Quickly the Driftwind's deck guns were manned. They would fire at the flashes of the enemy's fire. But the enemy only fired twice. Both shots were answered by the Driftwind's guns, but neither side scored a hit.

"They'll definitely try to torpedo us," Perry told the mate. "We'd better get the heck out of here."

"Right, sir," replied the mate.

In a moment the Driftwind was plunging through the water like a scared deer, following a zigzag course south-east. There were no torpedoes.

"Funny about that," said Perry. "Darned funny."

"Maybe it wasn't a sub, sir," said the mate. "Could've been a cruiser, or destroyer. We couldn't see its lines at all."

There was no more trouble that night. Dawn broke calm and very clear, with a blazing sun coming up out of red-stained seas. It was the kind of day you made speed, keeping a sharp eye out for periscopes.

This was the region known as the Desert of the Atlantic, a vast, islandless area of several thousand square miles. Practically uncharted, and far off any shipping lanes. But known to harbor subs, that lay here in wait for quick dashes to the distant shipping lanes.

The Driftwind sped along at full speed all day and they didn't sight a craft of any kind. Not even a flying fish, or bird.

Twilight fell abruptly. The sea turned a beautiful lavender,

tinged with deep rose in the west. But these pastel colors quickly died out and velvety darkness shrouded the world, with only the millions of stars overhead to shed a wan light.

At ten o'clock a great yellow moon sild up out of the eastern sea, changing the black water into molten gold. Perry had never seen anything so beautiful, though he had sailed the seven seas more than once. He stood at the helm watching the moon climb out of the water. And suddenly he froze.

"Look!" he cried to the mate.

A three-masted schooner was sailing across the face of the moon with full complement of sails bellying in a slight southern breeze.

"My gosh!" said the mate. "Where the heck did it come from? S'pose it's the Flying Dutchman?"

"We can't be both seeing things," Perry said. "Let's get a look at her."

He changed the course and then they were heading directly for the strange schooner. Perry had got a good enough look at her lines to know that she was a very old ship, of a design which had gone out in the early 70's.

The schooner had also changed her course and now she was running away with a speed that amazed Perry. The Driftwind put on everything, but the schooner stood just ahead about two miles.

"It's impossible!" cried Perry. "No windjammer has such speed. Why, we're doing almost fifty knots!"

"I tell you, sir," said the mate, "that looks to me like the Flying Dutchman. I'd suggest, sir, leaving her alone."

"Bosh!" Perry was mad now. "Flying Dutchman or not, I'm going to see what makes that thing go!"

Twenty miles slipped astern, but still the weird three-master

was out ahead, showing her heels. It was uncanny. No sailing ship had ever demonstrated such speed, even flying ahead of a gale. There was something amiss here . . . there was not even enough wind for such sailing. . . .

The moon was high overhead now and a light mist was settling over the water. Gradually the schooner vanished. Soon after this, Sparks picked up a jumbled radio message, but could not decode it.

"Must be radio aboard the schooner," Perry decided. "But who could they be radioing?"

About five o'clock in the morning, the mists lifted and Perry saw, some miles ahead, an island. It was barely daylight, but the island was plainly visible.

"Ah," he said. "Now we have something! This is definitely an uncharted island."

The Driftwind drew abreast of the bit of land an hour later. The schooner was nowhere in sight. They headed into a small bay on the north side of the island and prepared to reconnoiter the place. But first, Perry set some of the crew to work assembling his small, speedy seaplane which was stowed in the hold of the ship. It might come in handy later. . . .

He and the mate strolled along the beach in a southerly direction for half an hour; then, coming around a sandy rise, they halted abruptly. A large harbor lay before them, and anchored in it were three submarines!

"Holy smoke!" gasped the mate. "What do you know!"

"And there's our schooner," said Perry. "And look—those subs are fuelling. I got it, this island is a fuelling station. They must have a tank somewhere. And that schooner, which must be fitted with powerful Diesels, is the means of bringing gas to the island. What a pretty setup!"

They watched one of the subs move into the open sea and disappear below.

"Come on," snapped Perry. "We're going to try and put a kink in those Nazis' little scheme."

The seaplane was assembled and afloat when Perry and the mate returned to the cruiser. Both of them got aboard the plane and took off. Perry flew far out to sea, gaining great altitude, then returned to circle over the island. He pointed below.

"A buried tank near the shore of that harbor," he said to the mate. "Drop her when you get centered."

The mate was sighting through a bombsight. Then he cut loose a heavy bomb. It swooped down and the next instant there was a terrific sheet of flame spouting upward from the buried gas tank.

"You got her!" cried Perry. "Now those two subs in the harbor."

At his second try, the mate scored a hit on one of the subs; the other had scooted to sea and submerged.

"Now," said Perry above the roar of the engine, "we have only to get that schooner and we've got the whole set-up."

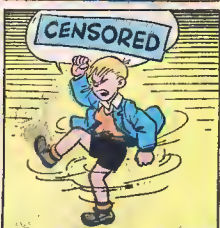
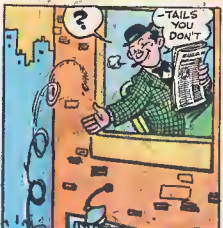
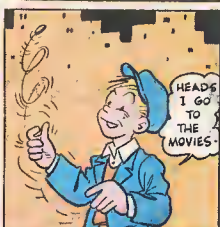
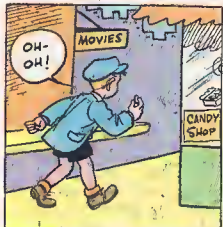
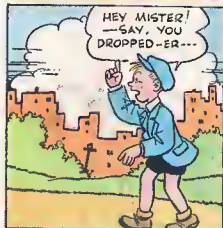
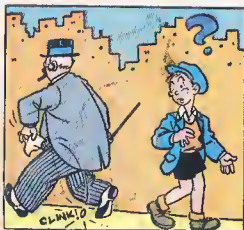
But they were never to bomb the schooner. With a mighty blast the schooner shot into the air and only floating debris remained.

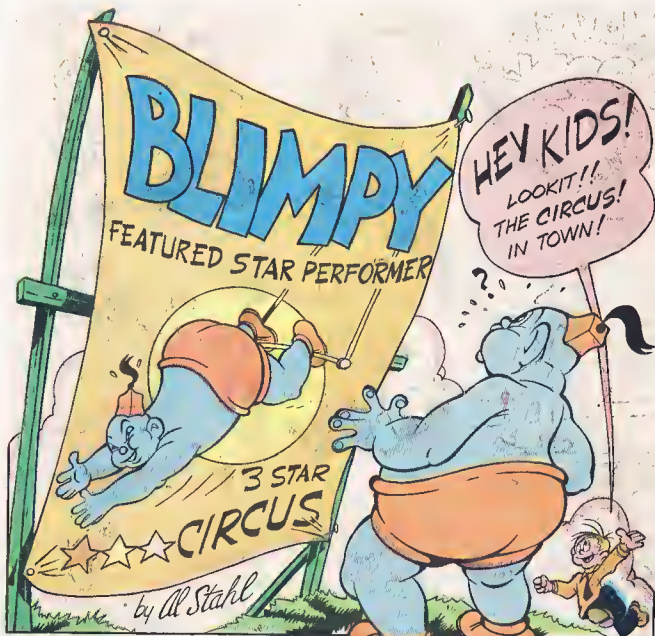
"I think I know what happened," said Perry as they flew back toward their cruiser. "They knew we'd bomb the schooner, so they scuttled her, and got away on one of the subs. Anyway, that's the end of that little Axis gas station."

Several of these island fuelling stations have been discovered by American and Australian flyers, and bombed into smithereens. But there are still others left to be destroyed. . . .

HOMER DOODLE AND SON

by ARTHUR GEVINS

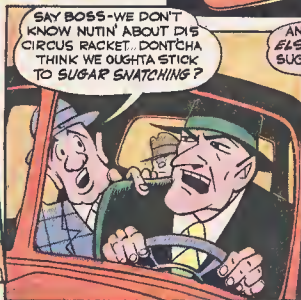




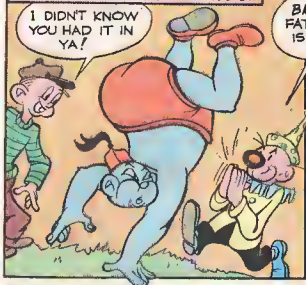


SHUDDUP, FOOL! HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM ME... IN THAT MONKEY SUIT!

BUT CHEE! BOSS! YA TOLD ME TO GET A STOOGE FER DA SHOW... 'N I FOUND ONE!



BACK TO BLIMPY AND THE KIDS...



BRAVO!!
FAT STUFF
IS OK!



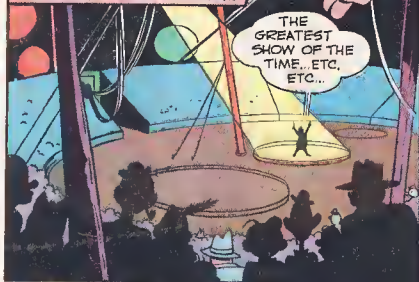
WITH SUCH
LOOKS, TALENT,
AND BUILD, YOU
FIT RIGHT INTO
MY ACT!

HOW'S ABOUT
TAKIN' THE PLACE
OF MY DRAFTED
STOOGES!

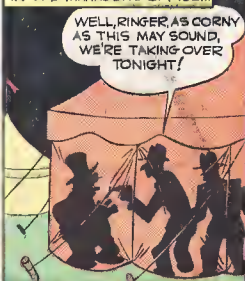
IT'S
A
DEAL!



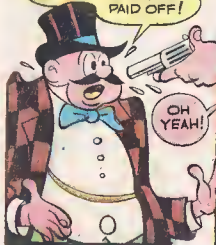
THAT NIGHT AT THE BIG TOP...



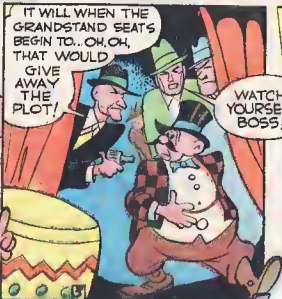
IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT YOU BIG TIME CROOKS
SEE IN THE CIRCUS BUS-
INESS... THIS NEVER
PAID OFF!

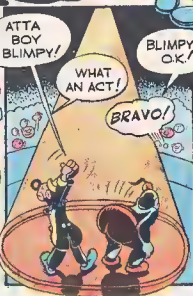


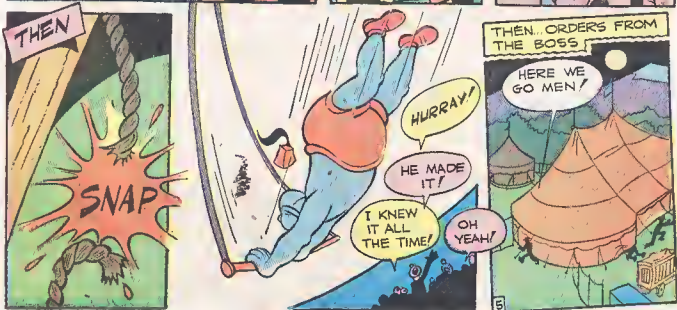
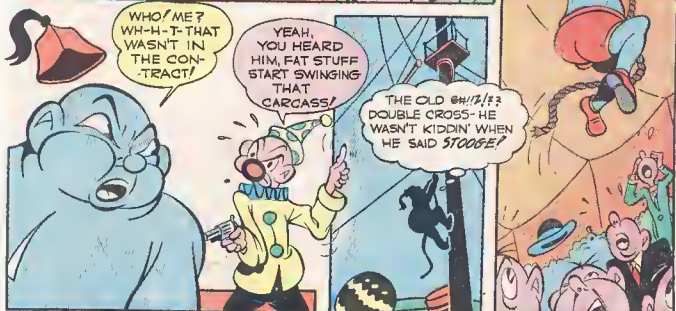
IT WILL WHEN THE
GRANDSTAND SEATS
BEGIN TO... OH, OH,
THAT WOULD
GIVE
AWAY THE
PLOT!

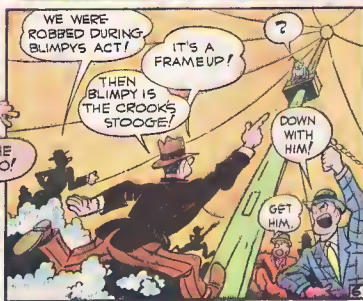
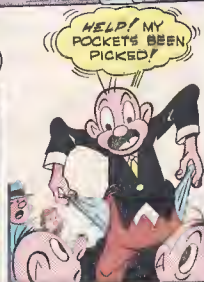
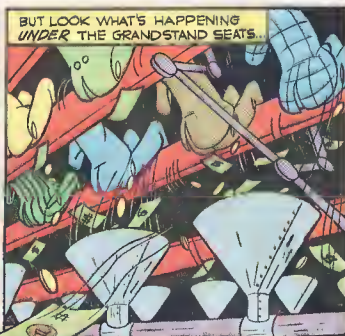


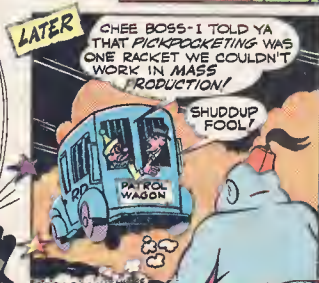
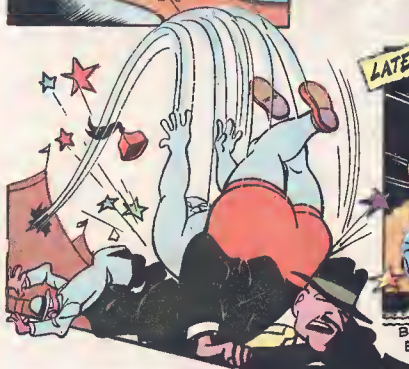
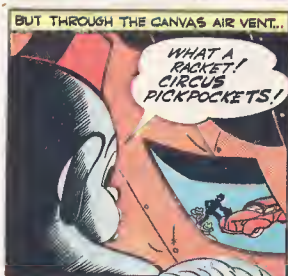
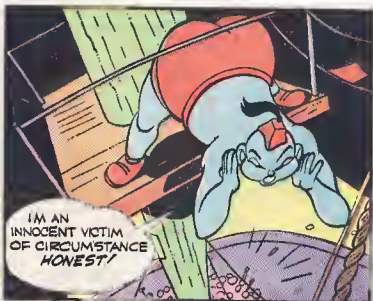
PRESENTING
TOGETHER IN ONE
ACT BLIMPY AND
THAT GREAT
CLOWN...











BLIMPY THE BUNGLING BUDDHA
BUNGLES MORE BUSINESS IN
FEATURE COMICS NEXT MONTH!

BOY--!!
I COULD GO
FOR A STEAK
SO BIG THAT
YOU COULD
MILK IT!

HA!
I COULD EVEN
EAT FROGS'
LEGS!

I WONDER
IF CHARLIE
CHAPLIN REALLY
ATE HIS SHOE
WHEN HE WAS
SO HUNGRY IN
THAT PICTURE,
"THE GOLD
RUSH"??



Plus....
NEW
COMMANDO
TRICKS!

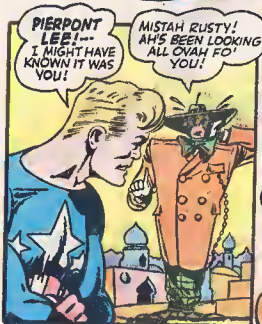
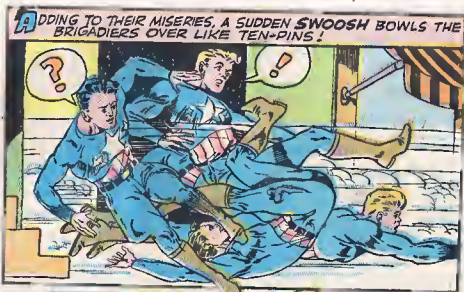
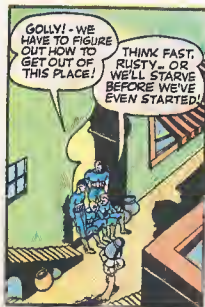
IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO BE
BROKE AND HUNGRY...BUT
TO BE STRANDED IN NORTH AFRICA
ON TOP OF ALL THAT MAKES THINGS
PRETTY TOUGH! THAT'S WHAT RUSTY
RYAN AND THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS ARE
UP AGAINST!

RUSTY RYAN

and the

**BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS!**

By Paul
Gustavson



DON'T MAKE ME
LAUGH! ALL WE HAVE
BETWEEN US AND
STARVATION IS
THREE
CENTS!

DEN YOU AIN'T
GOT \$14.53 PLUS
INTEREST FOR
SIX MONTHS?

WOE'S ME! AH'S GOT
A FEELIN' MAH'S GONNA
BE AWFUL
EMBARRASSED
SOON!

...T'SNIFF!

WHAT FO'
IS SOMETHIN'
JINGLING IN
MAH
POCKET?

WELL--
HUSH MAH
MOUF!



'OL DE ---
FORT DOWN, BOYS!
PIERPONT LEE'S
GONNA GET US OUTA
HERE - AH HOPES!
MISTAH RUSTY - WILL
YOU LEND ME YOUR
THREE CENTS AS A
INVESTMENT?

AS AN
INVESTMENT??
SURE! NOW LET'S
SEE YOU RUN IT
UP TO A
MILLION!

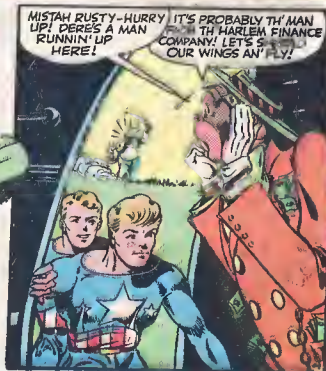
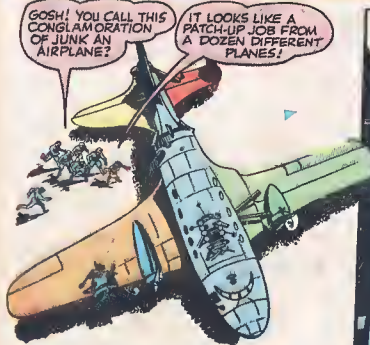
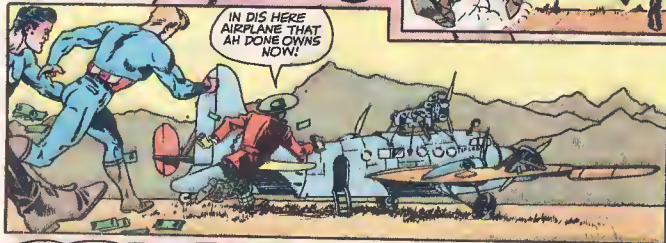
IF THERE'S A MILLION
DOLLARS AROUND HERE,
AH WILL! AH'LL BE BACK
IN "SEBEN
SHAKES!"

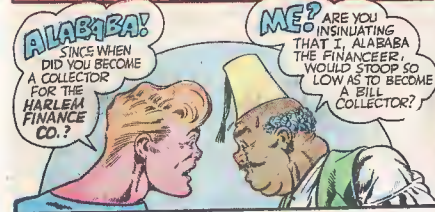
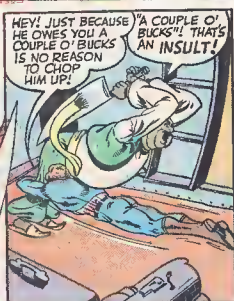
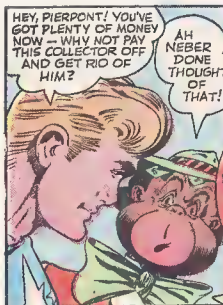
SOMETHING TELLS ME
THAT I SHOULD HAVE
KEPT MY THREE
CENTS!

AND - AS PIERPONT LEE SAID ---
"I'LL BE BACK IN SEVEN SHAKES!"
SO HE IS -- SO HE IS!

HOLY CATS! WHERE'D
YOU GET ALL THAT
MONEY?

AH! I'LL TELL YOU LATER! C'MON! WE'S
GOTTA LEAVE HERE! - THAT FINANCE
MAN DON' SAW ME!

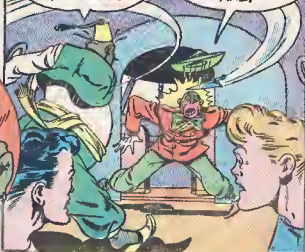




AND THAT'S NOT ALL! HE
EVEN COPPED THE PLANE
THAT I WAS GOING TO GET
AWAY FROM MY WIFE IN,
THE PLANE THAT MY MEN
SCoured THE BATTLEFIELDS
FOR ... RISKING THEIR VERY
LIVES TO GET A PART HERE
AND A PART THERE UNTIL
IT WAS FINISHED!



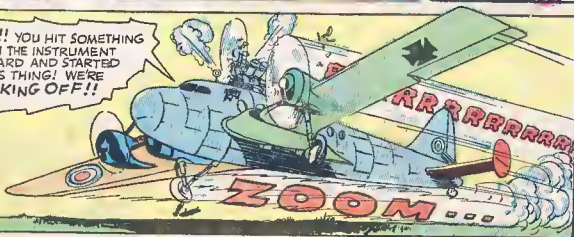
LOOK AT HIM! - HE
DARES STAND THERE
AND FACE ME! -
THE THIEF!



MAN, LOOK
OUT WHERE YOU'RE
THROWING THAT
AXE!



HEY!! YOU HIT SOMETHING
ON THE INSTRUMENT
BOARD AND STARTED
THIS THING! WE'RE
TAKING OFF!!



WE ARE! WELL, WHAT
DO YOU KNOW...? I
DIDN'T THINK THIS
THING WOULD BE IN
FLYING CONDITION
FOR ANOTHER
WEEK! HMMM!
I'M A FREE
MAN
AGAIN!



WOW! IT'S
WORTH YOUR
LIFE TRYING
TO CONTROL
THIS JALOPY!
WE'RE GOING
TO LANO AS
FAST AS WE
CAN!

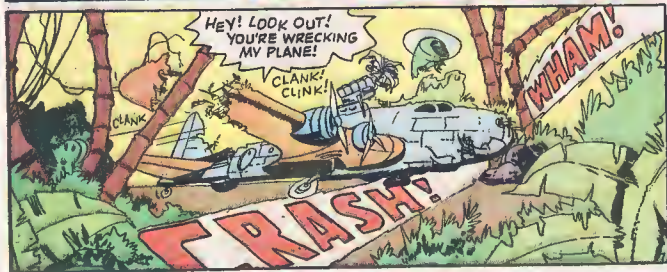
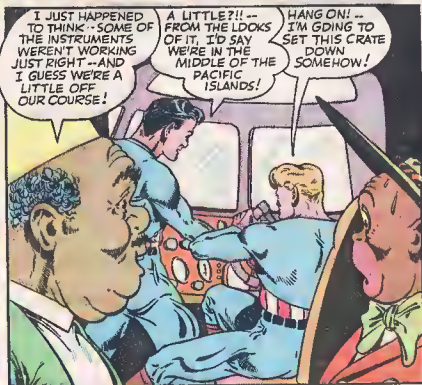
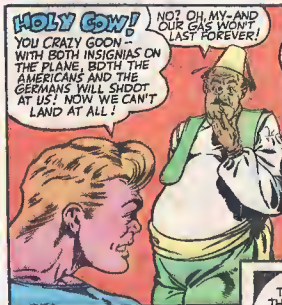
ANTI-AIRCRAFT!
SOMEONE MUST
THINK WE'RE AN
ENEMY PLANE!



WHAT KIND OF
AN INSIGNIA
HAVE YOU GOT
ON THIS
THING?

INSIGNIA?? OH - BOTH
KINDS! - GERMAN AND
AMERICAN - I THOUGHT IT
MIGHT SAVE A LOT OF
TROUBLE!

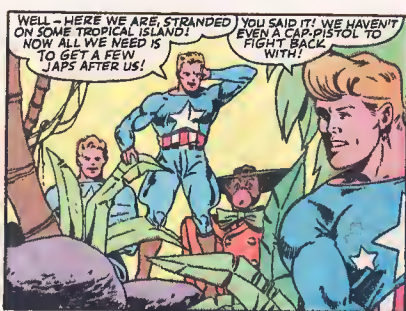






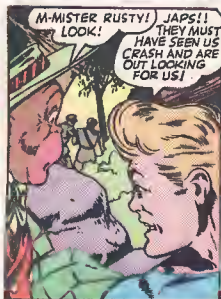
OHMM!
MY POOR
PLANE!

DRY UP ABOUT YOUR
OLD RATTLE-TRAP! YOU
OUGHT TO BE GLAD
THAT WE'RE ALL
ALIVE!



WELL - HERE WE ARE, STRANDED
ON SOME TROPICAL ISLAND!
NOW ALL WE NEED IS
TO GET A FEW
JAPS AFTER US!

YOU SAID IT! WE HAVEN'T
EVEN A GUN, PISTOL
TO FIGHT BACK
WITH!



M-MISTER RUSTY!
LOOK!

JAPS!!
THEY MUST
HAVE SEEN US
CRASH AND ARE
OUT LOOKING
FOR US!



DUCK DOWN,
EVERYBODY!

WHAT'LL WE DO?
THOSE GUYS ARE
ARMED TO
THE TEETH!



BOY - IF I HAD ONE
OF THOSE TOMMY-
GUNS, I COULD
MAKE THEM
DANCE!

JUST WHAT
I WAS
THINKING!



SIT TIGHT, FELLAS!
I'M GOING TO GET ONE
OF THOSE LEAD-
SQUIRTERS!

HERE
IT IS!!
COMMANDO
TRICK
NO. 2...



MOVING CAUTIOUSLY -- RUSTY MOVES TO WITHIN
A FEW FEET OF THE JAP SOLDIER!

AT'S THE BOY!
JUST STAY
THAT
WAY!



SEE, BUD ... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SOCK YOU ON YOUR ADAM'S APPLE* WITH THE SIDE OF MY HAND AND YOU'LL BE SO BUSY TRYING TO CATCH A BREATH, YOU CAN'T DO ANY YELLING!



AND AT THE SAME TIME, YOU GET A CLOUT IN THE SMALL OF YOUR BACK -- THAT SHOULD KNOCK YOU FOR A LOOP!

GAAH



I KNEW THAT WOULD KNOCK YOU OUT, BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE, I BRING MY RIGHT HAND UP FAST OVER YOUR MOUTH, SO YOU CAN'T DO ANY YAPPING!

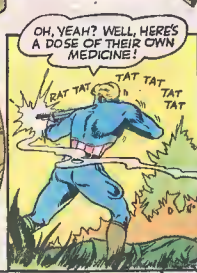


MAN! LOOKIT THAT! MISTAH RUSTY SURE DON' GOT THE GUN AWAY FROM THAT JAP!



HOLY CATS! SHUT UP!

DOWN!- THOSE JAPS SPOTTED US!



OH, YEAH? WELL, HERE'S A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!

RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT



ガッガッ

RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT



WOW! THERE ISN'T ONE LEFT STANDING!

C'MON, GANG- WE CAN USE THE GUNS THOSE DEAD DUCKS DROPPED!



WELL, FELLAS, FOR OUR FIRST CRACK AT THE JAPS, WE'RE NOT DOING SO BAD! AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

and more
COMMANDO
TRICKS!

THAT'S RIGHT! SO DON'T MISS RUSTY RYAN IN FEATURE COMICS!

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

WOULD I MARRY JIM IF
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE
FILTHY BLACKHEADS
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB
TO TALK TO
HIM RIGHT
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
VACUTEX FOR THOSE
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.
IT SOUNDS
WORTH
TRYING

JIM DARLING,
HOW NICE AND
CLEAN YOU
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK
VACUTEX
FOR THAT.
MONEY!



**ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS**

**UGLY
BLACKHEADS**

**USE
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE
OUT!**



**RUSH
COUPON
Send No
MONEY**

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☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

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WONDERS OF LIVING THINGS



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